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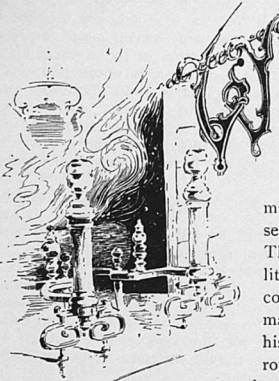
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ARTISTS AND THEIR STUDIOS.

I.—WM. H. LIPPINCOTT.



WHEN a rich man builds himself a house its splendors are duly chronicled by the press. The art and taste his money purchases for him are extolled as special personal gifts. An artist who out of his own judgment and innate feeling makes an appropriate home for himself deserves at least equal credit. There are some fine studios in America; little palaces in which art holds her court right splendidly. And, as a man shows in his works the bent of his talent, so does he show in his surroundings the direction of the personal sympathies with which his art is inseparably associated. Luxury probably does

as much as poverty towards suffocating art, but the happy medium between penury and extravagance has no little to do with the inspiration and the encouragement of good work. The man who lives in a bare garret because he has to is to be sympathized with; but if he can afford superior comfort our commiseration would be wasted on him.

The latest addition to the already numerous handsome studios of New York is that of William H. Lippincott. It is the chief room of an apartment in the newly-erected studio buildings at No. 106 West Fifty-fifth Street, buildings quaintly and handsomely planned and carried out in themselves and full of choice bits of picturesqueness in topography and decoration. The studio of Mr. Lippincott, however, is the most elaborate and noteworthy feature they present. A spacious apartment, lighted from the north by a huge studio window, the cunning of its tenant has decorated it upon a novel and striking plan. Entering by a little anteroom whose walls are covered with pictures, one pushes aside a rich portiere to look into what might be a part of some mediæval mansion. The arrangement of the great studio light excludes the view of anything external but the sky—and skies are the same now as in the days when Rome was a wilderness. On either side of the great window is a little one, set deeply in the wall and with an odd individuality peculiar to itself. The light illuminates a mass of decorations and fittings so opulent in themselves and so perfect in their harmonious completeness that one requires the easels and the palette on the table to convince one that this is a studio, not a corner of the Hotel Cluny or some other treasure house of the storied past. Above a dado paneled in dark wood, the walls, colored a rich maroon, are hung with pictures, studies and the trophies common to the old campaigner in the field of art. Above these runs a frieze of dark wood, carved deep with Oriental tracery of the most graceful design. A fire of logs burns in a big carved fireplace whose mantel, loaded with bric-a-brac, is supported by grotesque caryatides of renaissance design. Superb specimens of ancient wood carving in the form of cabinets, chairs and other furniture are all about, old tapestries supply the place of doors and a profusion of Oriental rugs renders the sonorous surface of the hard wood floor noiseless to the tread. The prevailing impression of richness of tone without aggressiveness of color is inexpressibly agreeable and soothing.

Investigation of the details of this superb apartment more than confirms the promise of a first view of it in its entirety. It is gorged with those treasures the artist gathers here, there and everywhere, and which form the paraphernalia of his art as his library forms that of the literateur. Mr. Lippincott has spent many years abroad, and since his final settlement in this city, a lustrum ago, has made another trip across the Atlantic, bringing back a cargo of additions to his collection. A distinguishing characteristic of this assemblage of studio jewels is its substantial character. The firm and solid quality of the painter's art, an art of exhaustive study and honest labor carried to completeness over every obstacle, can be traced in his surroundings. There is a certain scenic quality perceptible to the skilled eye in the conception and arrangement of his splendid work-room.

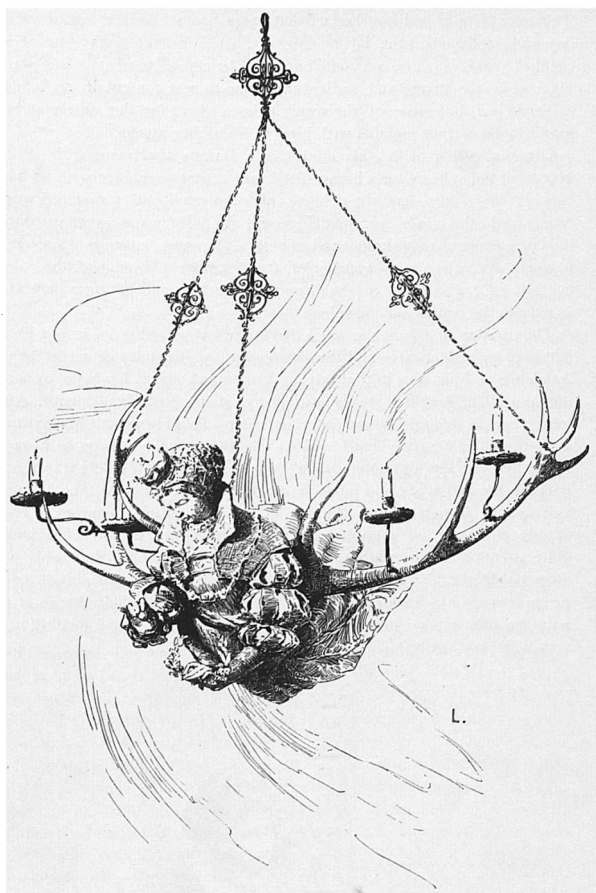
This may be ascribed to the fact that years ago, when life meant toil by day and study when the lights were lit, Mr. Lippincott was one of the guild of workers whose art contributes to the embellishment of the stage. He was far too strong and individual a man to rest content in an inferior career in art, but some of the scenic painter's love for the stately and the grand in decoration remains with him, as his atelier attests.

Communicating with this studio is a dainty apartment with all the accessories of a bachelor's home fitted up in correspondence with its uses. Just as the studio has the richness and the gravity of a splendid work-room, so do the minor apartments present the lighter and gayer surroundings of a place of refreshment and of rest. The same harmony is preserved in their decoration and accessories, the irregular planning of the rooms lending itself admirably to the decorator's desires, and giving a delightful variety to the results accomplished.

The master of the house, or of this noteworthy portion of it, is a Philadelphian by origin. He laid the foundation for his study of art in the old Academy of Fine Arts in that city. Condemned from boyhood to maintain himself, he fought a sturdy battle for existence and advancement. After some years of struggle he secured a sufficient capital to permit him to throw aside the labor for bare bread, and on this he made the voyage to Europe. He settled in Paris and entered the Bouvat school. After eight years of Parisian life and study and labor he returned to America to take his place among the strongest men the art of our generation possesses. Thoroughly equipped as a painter of the figure his works attracted immediate attention in our exhibitions. In portraiture he likewise readily won an enviable place. As a painter of landscape he secured almost equal prominence. For a couple of years Mr. Lippincott has had charge of the painting class at the National Academy of Design, of which institution he was at the last spring exhibition elected an associate.



TOWEL RACK, IN W. H. LIPPINCOTT'S STUDIO.



MEDIAEVAL HALL LIGHT, IN W. H. LIPPINCOTT'S STUDIO.

"OLD MASTERS" TO ORDER.

THERE must be a veritable mine of "old masters" in the interior of this State. Only a week ago I chronicled a Syracuse Michael Angelo. Now a Rochester Rubens is on view here. It is exhibited, its owners say, for the purpose of giving the public an opportunity to enjoy and judge of the work of the great Flemish master, and no admission fee is charged to the show. To further demonstrate their liberality, the owners exhibit it in a dark room by the light of a couple of oil lamps. They make this additional sacrifice because, they say, the lamp-light mellowes and enriches the color of the picture. They tell a brilliantly original story of the discovery of this masterpiece in a Rochester junk shop, buried in rubbish, and produce a Canadian professor of the fine arts to swear to its authenticity.

The evident purpose of this dark conspiracy is to secure for the battered and mutilated canvas a metropolitan advertisement which will be of use in marketing it in the rural districts, where a certain amount of besotted devotion to the "old masters" still lingers. The picture, even seen in the friendly half light of the oil lamps, shows none of the qualities of the great statesman-artist. It is a fragment cut from a larger picture, and is purely French in quality. The figures, which are held to represent Bacchus and Ariadne, with a Cupid thrown in for good measure, have the lean and nervous character of the conventional French decorative painters, not the robust presence of the Flamand's joyously animal types. Rubens never painted a lean and hungry Cupid in his life, and in his women especially developed his fondness for the fleshy and voluptuous type of the race.

Some years ago Dundas, Dick & Co. used to advertise their patent medicine by similar works of art, nailed on the housewalls of our street corners.—*From To-Day.*

THE PURPOSE OF ART.

ART and poetry have their good mission, and great art, like great poetry, must necessarily have that in it which you do not have in every day life, or you might as well sweep them away altogether, leaving us only with the pretty picture of the dressed-up baby and jingling words to a song, while the soul remains untouched and the commonplace reigns around. No man is purer than Tennyson, and no one, I presume, would think to accuse him of obscenity, and yet he has written things in his finest poetry that you would not speak about in a drawing-room. And so might there be things that you would not call attention to in a picture, while all the time it is recognized as absolutely right that they should be there.

The greatest art is that which deals with types and which appeals to the imagination and not merely to the eye. We do not want to merely closely copy nature, whether the subject be children playing with flowers, or portraiture, or any other pictorial representation of the kind. The photographic lens will accomplish that better and far more accurately than I or any other artist can hope to do. But it is the soul that a man puts upon the canvas for the delight and improvement of his fellow-men that the lens cannot accomplish, and this cannot be done without full and proper and I may say the only study, for the expression of that art would only become ridiculous and grotesque if the structure were not properly and truthfully placed before the spectator.

To emasculate art by suppressing the study and representation of the nude—which is absolutely the highest form of pictorial art—is simply prudery, not delicacy, with the only result of setting narrow limits to our art and putting blinkers on our imagination, and such an emasculated art must fail to rise to the higher sensibility. I can say from my own very long experience, first, that I have never seen the slightest sign of any "degradation" whatever in any model I have ever employed. I have always found them quite modest in their manner and I have always treated them as I would treat any lady in the land, and as far as I know all artists do the same; second, I most distinctly state that I have never seen the least approach to or hint of any indecent remark, improper conduct, ribaldry or immorality from any member of any life school. But then I must admit that it never occurred to me to suspect or watch for any; and third, I would say that only a bad or singularly constituted mind would consider that the undraping of the figure for the purpose of art robbed a woman of her modesty or destroyed her respectability.

LONDON, October, 1885.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS.

PUBLIC STATUES IN NEW YORK.

IN his address at the unveiling of the statue of the late William E. Dodge last week, Hon. Abram S. Hewitt directed attention to the fact that we have not yet erected statues to Fulton, who gave us steam navigation, or to De Witt Clinton, who made New York the commercial metropolis of the New World by creating the Erie Canal. "The highest honor or which can be paid to a citizen," as Mr. Hewitt described, "the preservation of the memory and features in bronze or marble for the reverent homage of future generations," might very appropriately be paid to these benefactors, and also to Washington Irving, a citizen of New York who figures in history as the father of American literature, and to Henry Hudson, who 196 years ago sailed up New York Harbor, the first white man to enter the mouth of the great river which bears his name. Four years hence the bi-centenary of his discovery will be celebrated, and the erection of a statue of him would be an eminently fit feature of the event. Christopher Columbus, too, should have a monument in New York, and the 400th anniversary of his discovery of America, to be celebrated seven years hence, will be a suitable time for that tribute to his memory by the greatest city of the world which he discovered. We need more statuary of the right kind, and if the ancient Romans could inspire lofty aspirations in their children by decorating their walls with pictures of their heroic ancestors, certainly the youth of New York may be benefited by the exhibition in bronze or marble of the features of men who have distinguished themselves in modern times by great achievements.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

LAST year William T. Trego, the able and worthy painter of military pictures in Philadelphia, was awarded a Temple historical prize medal for a picture shown at the local Academy of Fine Arts, his picture being the only one to receive any recognition. He claimed that he should have received the first prize of \$3,000, as his picture was, by the allotment of the solitary award, conceded to be the best shown in the competition. The Committee of Awards did not agree with him, and he sued them. Trego has been defeated in his claim. The Court of Common Pleas last week sustained the right of the Academy to decide what prize a picture is worth. The artist threatens to carry the case to the Supreme Court.

THE Society of American Artists will, in all likelihood, give its exhibition next spring at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It was the society's intention to make its exhibition of this year, but the Watt's pictures got possession of the gallery ahead of it and left it houseless.